

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME XIV.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1881.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EARTH TO EARTH

OVER THE BODY OF POOR DICK JEFFERIES.

The Funeral on Yesterday—Meeting of the Bar—Speeches and Resolutions—The Particulars of His Death—The Universal Sorrow Shown.

Yesterday witnessed one of the saddest funerals ever seen in Atlanta. The friends of Mr. R. S. Jeffries gathered in the Central Presbyterian church to hear the last words spoken over his dead body. The scene was a solemn and touching one, and as the coffin was borne down the aisle and out of the church there were few eyes in the building that were not wet with tears and few hearts that were not heavy with sorrow. We do not remember the death of any man that touched a more sympathetic chord in the breasts of all classes than that of Jeffries, who has been the defender of the poor, the generous friend and the lovable gentleman.

The Particulars of His Death.

ABERRATION OF THE MIND, CAUSED BY DISEASE, IN- DUCED HIS ACT—A SAD DEATH.

Our people were shocked yesterday morning, on reading the associated press telegram in *The Constitution*, announcing that Mr. Jeffries had taken his own life. There were many, however, who knew the terrible nature of his disease—nervous dyspepsia—and the effect it has on the minds of all who are in its grip, that were scarcely astonished at the news. A physician who was consulted by him about a month ago, stated confidently that his mind was disordered by this disease, and that at times he was not even then responsible for his actions. This statement had reached the ears of many of his friends who found a sad confirmation in many strange little actions on his part. They were therefore to a measure prepared to hear the worst. For three months he has been steadily getting worse, and it was the universal opinion that his case was hopeless, and that death must in a short time release him from his sufferings. To many friends a month or more ago he stated that he had not the slightest hope of recovery, and that he knew death was inevitable. The sad particulars of his death we are enabled to give below:

A short time since Mr. Jeffries went to visit his brother, Mr. John W. Jeffries, a most estimable gentleman, who is teaching school at White Sulphur springs, in DeKalb county, Alabama. While there he did not recuperate and was thoroughly hopeless of being able to throw off the dread disease that had taken hold upon his life. His manner at times was so strange and his general deportment so uneven, at one time reaching to the deepest dejection and at another to artificial and equally unnatural good spirits that his brother watched him with some concern feeling that at any time he might commit an impudence or do something even more serious.

On last Thursday he was invited to dine at the home of Professor Callens, the partner of his brother in the school. The engagement was overlooked and at night he insisted upon going to Mr. Callens' house and rendering an excuse and apology for his carelessness. His brother agreed to this, and Jeffries then said that he must shave before he went out. His brother remonstrated, but he insisted, and at length the soap and shaving material were furnished him. He shaved himself carefully and paid the visit, seeming to be in unusually good spirits. After the two brothers returned to the house, they walked in the moonlight down to the spring, and sat there for some time talking on various subjects. At length they started back to the house and Jeffries walked more rapidly than he had done during his stay, preceding his brother to the house. When Mr. John Jeffries reached the house he noticed that his brother's manner was strange and excited and feeling nervous after he had lit the lamp in his brother's room proposed to take the razor into his own room for the purpose of having an edge put on it. At this Dick seemed worried and said that his brother was very foolish and had absurd suspicions about him. Rather than confess what his suspicions really were and feeling that they might be entirely groundless, his brother left the room. He was still uneasy, however, and laid awake nearly all night, noting that the light was still burning in Jeffries' room. At about three o'clock he dropped asleep. At about four o'clock his little daughter, who was up, noticed Mr. Dick Jeffries coming in from the yard with his coat buttoned tightly about his throat, and the collar turned up. She noticed nothing wrong, but asking her mother said, "Uncle Dick is up." Mrs. Jeffries touched her husband and said, "Dick is up." This Mr. Jeffries arose quickly and went across the hall and saw blood on the floor. He summoned help at once, but when he reached his brother's room he had fallen on the floor with a deadly gash extending clear across his throat, and without speaking a word, died.

It appears that when Mr. Jeffries left the house at 4 o'clock he went around one corner of the smokehouse, and there inflicted the wound that caused his death. He threw the razor into the weeds nearby, buttoned his coat about his throat so as to conceal the wound, walked back into the room and leaning with his elbows on the mantelpiece, buried his head in his hands. He stood there a moment and then fell to the floor. There were apparently two wounds in the throat, as the cutting ended with two strokes.

A note was left simply directing, "If I should die to-night" that his effects should be given to his "dear wife." His brother does not think that he intended taking his life when he wrote this note, as he was subject to certain attacks for the past month and feared that he would die suddenly in some such attack, and had frequently told his brother if he should die during the night what to do. It is the opinion of all the physicians and others who were acquainted with the nature of his disease that his death was induced by aberration of the mind caused by his sickness. In this opinion we concur, for a man less likely to take such a step as this in his sane moments than Dick Jeffries, we never knew.

The Obsequies.
The body of Mr. Jeffries, under escort of his brother, reached Atlanta at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning. It was carried immediately to an undertaker's to be put in a suitable coffin. When this was done it was carried to the residence on Peachtree street. A large number of friends visited the body during the day to take a last look at the face of one who had been so universally beloved. The face, pale in life and still pale for the last month through disease, held its natural gentle and lovable expression, and looking upon it one could scarcely tell but that he was sleeping. It was peaceful and did not bear the slightest evidence of distortion, showing that his death must have been almost painless.

The funeral services were announced for the Central Presbyterian church at four o'clock, but it was five before the slow moving cortège reached the church. The members of the Atlanta bar took charge of the remains at the house and paid all possible honor to the deceased. Dr. Boggs delivered an appropriate funeral discourse at the close of which the body was carried to Oakwood cemetery. The pall bearers were Dr. R. D. Spalding, Major J. A. Fitten, Captain E. F. Gay, Colonel E. F. Hoge, Hoke Smith, Captain R. J. Lowry, Mr. H. C. Peeples and Mr. A. C. King.

THE GREAT DARKNESS INTO WHICH FIVE MEN TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.

Arkansas Furnishes the World with Another Picture for the Moralists to Descant Upon—Red-Handed, Cruel and Vindictive Humanity Legally Punished—Details of the Affair.

It was nearly dark when the friends, who had gathered about the grave, left the cemetery, turning their backs upon all that was mortal of poor Dick Jeffries. But in many and many high and noble hearts in this city and throughout the south his memory is enshrined tenderly and respectfully, and will be held sacred with the coming years. A gentler, more loyal and affectionate friend never slept beneath the sod.

The Meeting of the Bar.

The Funeral on Yesterday—Meeting of the Bar—Speeches and Resolutions—The Particulars of His Death—The Universal Sorrow Shown.

The bar of Atlanta held a meeting in the city court room at nine o'clock yesterday to take suitable action in reference to the death of Mr. Jeffries. Judge Clark presided, and on motion of Colonel Fife, a committee of five was appointed to draft suitable resolutions. The committee as appointed included Col. E. F. Hoge, Hon. N. Hammond, Captain Henry Jackson, Judge John Millidge and Hon. Henry Hilliard.

The committee submitted the following preamble:

Mr. Chairman: The committee appointed to suggest a form in which to give expression to the sense of this meeting, beg leave to report the following:

The bar of the city of Atlanta has received with profound sensibility the sad announcement of the death of Mr. Richard S. Jeffries, which occurred on the morning of the 9th instant. The committee submitted the following preamble:

Young and freshly crowned with collegiate honors, Mr. Jeffries came to this city in 1871, and in the execution of a cherished purpose, and the one to which his liberal education had especially fitted him, came into practice of the law. His talents, seconded by his tireless energy, his undaunted and resolute spirit, his skill in the law, his knowledge of the rights of his clients, his high attainments professional and as a lawyer, his great services to his state, and his estimable character, made him a man of whom the bar and to his friends a credit.

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AFFAIRS IN GEORGIA,

AS REPORTED BY THE CONSTITUTION'S CORRESPONDENTS.

A Shooting Affray in Jessup—A Barbecue in Albany—A Lawyer's Fight—The Failure of Cohen & Co. Gone to a Convict Camp—An Attempt to Escape Jail in Washington County.

By Mail and Wire to The Constitution.

CANTON, September 9.—Mr. Frank L. Harlan, state librarian, passed through town to-day, en route to the convict camps at Bell Ground, in this county, to investigate the death of John Mathers, a white convict, who died a few days since—it is said, from being whipped too severely.

JESUP, September 9.—On Sunday night last Bill McDaniel, colored, shot Ned O'Neal, colored, in the head, the ball entering opposite and near the left eye. The boy was brought to Jessup for treatment, but as the ball had entered the skull, Dr. Lester was unable to remove it. He is doing well, however, and promises a speedy recovery.

JESUP, September 10.—The superior court adjourned to-day. We had only one criminal case to try, and all the week was devoted to civil business and a great deal was disposed of. Owing to the busy season with the farmers we will have no court next week, although we have enough business to consume another week. Judge Hiller, who holds court in Butts county next week for Judge Stewart.

ERICKSON, September 9.—Our municipal election comes off the last of this month. It is probable that the prohibition question will be warmly contested again.—Col. Joseph Straus, a popular young merchant here, has just returned from Baltimore with a lovely bride.—A firm from Anderson, S. C., will open a store here in a short time.—Elbert county is without a tax collector, the collector not having as yet given bond.

CONYERS, September 10.—Daniel Chandler, an old citizen of this county, died very suddenly last night, aged eighty-two. Stone Mountain Baptist association met this morning at Rockdale church, two miles from this place. Several distinguished preachers in attendance.—Rev. Dr. Landrum preached at First Baptist church in this place last night to an appreciative congregation. There will be preaching each night in Conyers during the session of the association.

BAIRD, September 8.—Our superior court, special term, adjourned on August 22, to clear the jail. John W. Williams, defendant in the Amy Brockett, verdict guilty, and imprisonment for life; occupying over a week. It was stubbornly prosecuted and defended, and will go to the supreme court. Owing to indisposition of counsel and court the trial of Robert Durham, principal, and Walter Williams, accessory before the fact to the same murder, was continued.—A call for a public meeting at the court house in this place on Saturday next, has been made for the purpose of having our county represented in your cotton exposition.

ALBANY, September 9.—The Catholics of Albany gave an immense barbecue and festival at the country residence of Mr. John V. Mock, four miles east of Albany, last Wednesday evening, for the benefit of their church in this city. The crowd in attendance from the city and country numbered between 300 and 400 and the receipts were proportionately large.—Mr. Geo. W. Cheves, formerly of Albany, now of Dawson, is connected with the Dawson Journal. He is the managing agent of the Central railroad at Albany gives notice that freight on cotton is reduced to fifty-two cents per 100 pounds from Albany to Savannah, being the same rate charged by the Savannah, Florida and Western railroad.

THOMASVILLE, September 9.—The Gulf house changed landlords to-day. Captain Butler, of this city, takes charge, while Captain Clay goes to the Barlow, in Americus.—Large numbers of young men arrived yesterday and entered the Georgia Agricultural college.—Wednesday.—Good schools, good morals, good society and a fine healthy climate are filling Thomasville to overflowing with good citizens.—Mornings and evenings are now delightful.—Mrs. Florine Smith leaves Saturday on a visit to relatives in St. Louis. Dr. Coyle, our splendid dentist, returned yesterday, after an extended western trip. Trip, let of the Times, is not married.

GREENVILLE, September 7.—James P. Moore, an attorney of long standing at the Greenville, has been appointed to the public office, commissioner in equity, examiner of the city, and clerk of the board of county commissioners, has been two days absent from the city, and it is supposed fled the country to avoid arrest on a charge of breach of trust with fraudulent intent and fraudulent manipulations of claims which he held against the county. It is charged that he has sold the same claim to three different parties and collected the money from the county and appropriated it to his own use. It is alleged that he has defrauded in the sum of \$2,000 at least. Sundry other charges are preferred against him.

GRIFFIN, September 10.—I have just heard of another wholesale case of poisoning in which a Spalding county colored female, Lulu, figures as the Loretta colored. It took place last Sunday, and Mr. Tim P. Pullin's family are the suffering ones. They took the dose at dinner, presumably in the food, and the entire family were soon writhing in a torturing agony. My informant did not state whether any of them were likely to die or not, but the wife was dangerously poisoned. Those who took the said dose Mr. Pullin, his wife, their two children, and Mr. Pullin's mother. There was no cause assigned for the death and the cook still lingers outside the pale of duration—vile.—There was a pleasant meeting of the Tenison club last night at Mr. G. J. Drake's.—Miss Ross Beck has returned after a season as reigning belle in north Georgia all the summer.

SAVANNAH, September 8.—The failure of the old and well-known firm of Octavius Cohen & Co., which has been rumored on the street for a day or two past, is now fully confirmed. The extent of the failure cannot be determined until there has been a full investigation of the affairs of the house, but the impression in business circles is that it will not fall short of a quarter of a million dollars, and that the assets will not pay 25 per cent. The firm was short on both grain and cotton, in which they had very heavy ventures. All the debts are due to parties in New York and elsewhere north. The house can no longer do business, and the general failure is irretrievable, though they have very strong financial friends north, and there is a bare possibility that their embarrassment may be lifted; but such a result is not anticipated. Selling short was the cause of the trouble. There is great regret at the failure.

WASHINGTON, September 9.—Miss Lizzie Furrow returned home to Washington yesterday, after a pleasant visit to Judge James H. Morris's family.—She was absent two days before yesterday by the prisoners in jail to escape. As Justice Beal was about to open the door to give them their breakfast he happened to glance around, and there stood three of them, just inside the door, with uplifted bed-sabs, ready to strike him. One step farther and we probably would have had another Skelton horror. The jailer secured help, and confined them in the dungeon.—Mr. W. J. Holliday goes to Baltimore this week to attend a trial of a man named John Adams, who came to this country about Christmas, from California, rented land, bought supplies on credit, and ran a farm a few miles from town. He ginned four bales at a public gin in this place, this week, and night before last, about eight o'clock, he carried them to Sharon, in Taliaferro county, about seventeen miles from here, and tried to sell them, but the merchant

there expected something wrong, and refused to buy. The person from whom he rented the land, and the merchants who advanced his supplies, and who held mortgages against him, pursued him to Sharon and captured the wagon and the cotton, and brought the man back here.—Mr. McGinty, of Athens, will be down here on Monday, to lay the foundation of the new Methodist church.

What the Papers Say.

Oglethorpe Echo.

Mr. A. W. Wilkins has sold his valuable plantation in Goopond district, containing about 350 acres, to two negroes for \$100 of cotton, payable in five years. Mr. W. A. Wilkins, who is not a planter, but a lawyer, has sold his property to the purchasers, receiving payment as they are now a couple of the new Methodist church.

Wriggins Watchman.

We were shown this week a negro infant, child of James Bullock, who is afflicted with dropsy, having never before seen anything similar. Not more than ten months old, the infant is already as heavy as a full bushel measure, and apparently as heavy as a chunk of iron of equal dimensions. The child is in a good humor, which is partly caused by the diseased brain.

Oglethorpe Echo.

A strong effort is being made by this company to resist the payment of certain notes, and we learn that an organized effort will be made to that end. This is certain: If you are worth the amount of the note the money has got to come, for when you get to the end of the note you keep his hope of salvation. The state agricultural bureau only serves to rivet this claim, as you agree to take the fertilizer for the analysis of the state chemist.

The leaves of absence of Messrs. Butt and Johnson, were read.

A message was received from the house notifying the senate of the passage of certain bills.

A number of bills were read the second time.

House bills were read the first time.

The following bills were read the third time: A bill to disqualify county officers from holding the office of county school commissioners. Passed.

A bill to regulate the payment of the wages of teachers of public schools. Passed.

A bill to amend the law as to mechanics, liens on personality. Passed.

A bill to amend the act incorporating the Citizens' bank of Augusta. Passed.

A bill to amend an act to regulate the time for which the mayor of Augusta shall hold office. Passed.

A bill to incorporate the town of McVille. Passed.

A bill to incorporate the Tennille and Wrightville railroad company. Passed.

A bill to increase and enlarge the educational facilities of the state university by establishing a high school in each senatorial district. Passed.

Under a suspension of the rules, Mr. Melvin introduced a bill to repeal an act to carry into effect paragraph 2, section 18, article 6 of the constitution.

Mr. Mosely introduced a resolution that the Augusta canal company be required to arrange the dam across the Savannah river, so as to allow the free passage of fish.

The senate adjourned to 10 o'clock a. m., Monday.

THE HOUSE.

The house met at 9 o'clock, and was called to order by the speaker. Prayer by the chaplain. The roll was called and the journal was read.

Mr. Miller, of Houston, moved to reconsider the action of the house in defeating the bill to regulate the practice of medicine in this state.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Estes, of Hall, supported the motion to reconsider, and it prevailed.

Mr. Silman, of Jackson, moved to reconsider the action of the house on a bill to reduce fees of non-resident witnesses in criminal cases to one dollar per diem. The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Dorsey Elder, of this county, a few years ago, was said to be the strongest man in Georgia. A gentleman tells us that he has seen him step up behind a violin and bow it so fast that its strings loose to his hands and actually raise the rear part of the violin from the ground. Dorsey has seen the time that you couldn't pull enough men on him to whip him.

LaFayette Messenger.

Saturday at midnight, when the moon hung low in the western sky, the cavalry, about a hundred strong, struck the town of LaFayette. The jail was the objective point. In the doctor's room was a bill to regulate the practice of medicine in this state.

The special order of the day was a bill to regulate the practice of medicine was ordered printed and made the special order for next Wednesday.

Mr. Sweat, of Clinch, moved to reconsider the adverse action of the house on a bill to allow construction of gates across public highways in certain cases. Agreed to.

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THE CONSTITUTION,

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION is published every day except Monday, and is delivered by carriers in the city, or mailed postage free at \$1 per month, \$2.50 for three months, \$10 a year.

THE CONSTITUTION, is for sale on all trains leading out of Atlanta, and at news stands in the principal southern cities.

THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION, published every Tuesday, mailed postage free at \$1.50 a year—ten copies \$12.50—twenty copies \$20. Sample copies sent free upon application. Agents wanted at every post-office where territory is not occupied.

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CORRESPONDENCE containing important news solicited from all parts of the country.

ADDRESS all letters and telegrams, and make all drafts and checks payable to

THE CONSTITUTION,
Atlanta, Ga.

THE CONSTITUTION.

ATLANTA, GA., SEPTEMBER 11, 1881.

OUR EXPOSITION ISSUE.

We are highly gratified at the reception of our annual issue of the "exposition" issue of The Constitution.

Two leading firms on yesterday engaged a page each for illustrating their business, and other firms took such space as was needed. Enough has been done to make it certain that the paper will be such an exposition of Atlanta's commercial and business interests as never was made before. An immense edition will be printed, and every Atlantan will be proud of the paper.

The weather was stormy at Long Branch yesterday, and yet it remained sultry. The president, however, continues to gain strength, and the people who are near him continue to have great confidence in his early recovery.

A CONGRESSMAN is to be elected to-morrow in the second district of Maine. The democrats have nothing at stake, for their candidate has withdrawn from the canvass, leaving the fight to take place between the greenback and the republican nominees. Ex-Governor Dingley, the republican, will go in doubtless on a light vote.

As our readers get better acquainted with the admirable disposition of news in the quarterly CONSTITUTION, and know exactly where to find what they want, their praise of our new issue becomes unqualified. In its present shape and amplitude THE CONSTITUTION will maintain its position as the leading southern newspaper.

The rise in cotton is the silver lining of a diminished crop. When the planter adds about seven dollars to every bale he has made, he will probably have about as much money as he would have had if he had made as much cotton as he expected to make in July. The price of cotton is about fifteen per cent higher than it was a year ago, and it is safe to say that it is twenty-five per cent higher than it would have been if the seasons had been wholly favorable.

A FIGHT is going on between the spinners of Lancashire and the cotton men of Liverpool over the price of the staple. The spinners very naturally want to buy cotton at a low price, and they propose to take the stiffening out of the Liverpool people by stopping their mills. The Lancashire game will not work well this year. The striking spinners should first endeavor to ascertain the truth by inquiries among the cotton fields.

The French in Tunis are not getting along first-rate. They find that the Arabs are very much like our Apaches—hard to put down and still harder to keep down. Even the armed bay is not trustworthy, and there is a feeling of insecurity in every part of the new acquisition. The heat is very great, the climate unhealthy, and the natives are rebellious, crafty and irrepressible. Suppressed and overcome at one point, they break out at another with all the vengeance that religion and hatred of invasion can suggest. A general Arab uprising from Egypt to Morocco is feared, and if such an event should take place France may yet regret the cost, both in lives and treasure, of her new African venture.

SOONER or later the farmers of all sections of this country—particularly those of the south—will arrive at the conclusion that it pays better to have small farms that are well cultivated, well drained and well irrigated. Irrigation is fast becoming a necessity in a country that suffers nine seasons out of ten from drought. The losses on this account would in one season provide enough water to render millions of acres drought-proof. Irrigation is costly but it is not near so costly as droughts. There can be no certainty, no steady profit, in American agriculture unless a remedy is provided for our ever recurring droughts. No man is so blind that he cannot see how much ten acres of irrigated land would have yielded in cotton this season, and there are thousands of pieces in the state that can at small expense be rendered productive, rain or no rain.

The Methodist ecumenical conference consists of 400 members, divided equally between the American and European sections, and between the ministry and the laity. Of the American delegates the southern and northern churches send 118, the colored Methodists 28, the Canadians 22, and the minor divisions 32. Of the non-American delegates the Wesleyan Methodists send 88, the Primitive Methodists 36, the Free Church 22, the New Connection 12, the Bible Christians 10, the Wesleyan Reform Union 4, the Irish Wesleyans 10, the French Wesleyans 2, and the Australian Wesleyans 16. The programme originally marked out has been closely adhered to in the conference, and to-day the foreign delegates will occupy the various pulpits of London that are open to them. It is thought the conference will blaze the way, not so much for consolidation, as for the healthful and logical progress and development of the great denomination.

THE SURPLUS IN THE TREASURY.

If the legislature doesn't pass the bill proposed by Mr. Rice, which remits to the people one-half the tax levied for the current year, it should certainly make some disposition of the large surplus that it is said will be in the state treasury.

It is better on all considerations that large balances should not be left in the treasury for any length of time. No matter how safe it is, it will be unwise to carry a surplus when the state has an outstanding debt. The legislature has decided that it is best not to build a capitol, nor to add to the educational

fund, nor to use it for any current purpose whatever.

Why would it not be a good idea to use whatever surplus there is in paying the interest on the debt in advance? The coupons paid this year would be taken out of the next year's estimates, and the tax rate might be reduced, or appropriations made for needed improvements. It would help the credit of Georgia wonderfully, to have it announced that she called for her coupons before they were due. Anything is better than keeping a large surplus idle in the treasury. If the legislature does not disburse it, let them take up the state's obligations as far as it will go.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

The appalling disasters in the northwest recorded in our columns of yesterday, repeat a lesson that must finally be understood.

Last winter there were hundreds of men, women and children frozen to death in Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin. Villages were buried to the chimney-tops in snow; families blockaded in their homes, died of cold or starvation; cattle and horses, and sheep perished by thousands in their stalls or folds.

The suffering was intense and prolonged, and the distress universal. This summer the forests and fields are so parched by heat and drought that a single spark fires whole counties.

The leaves drop from the trees and crackle on the dry earth like parchment. Whole towns are swept before the hurricane of flames; over five hundred men, women and children are known to have perished.

The wretched people hide in the bottom of their wells only to be suffocated by the storm of fire as it sweeps above their heads. Homes are destroyed; flocks and herds are burned to crisp, and fields are left charred and desolate. In these accumulated horrors of summer and winter, the loss of property, of homes and of hope, will still hold their concents in the grass.

In the night the birds will stir and chirp at times, Orion will rise in the east, unexpected winds will shake their wings and set the poplars a-shivering, and the far faint zooning of the bees in the hives will mysteriously mingle with the palpable silence that seems to thrill through all things. The days will grow cooler and the nights longer until summer seems to faint and fade upon the hills and in the woods; and it is her ghost we want our northern visitors to see—a vision perfect in outline and detail, but still a vision. It is a picture too vast and entrancing for human hands to paint—a picture of perfect skies, mellow sunshine, marvelous perspectives. It is a season of sweet suggestions and most tender impulses. The rain-crow, falsely and maliciously called cuckoo, will hide himself in the tinted foliage of the white oak and sigh mournfully over some long-forgotten sorrow; the jocie will waltz and caper merrily among the fiery sun-mach leaves in the swamp; and the mocking-bird will sing over again in a whisper the songs of spring. Thus summer will linger, until, touching the wine of autumn to her ripe red lips, the mirage dissolves. The hills will then take their accustomed places; the leaves will flutter to the ground and flee before the little gusts of autumn that come humming in; the mocking-bird will make haste to hunt for the last worm of the season; and the coal-dealer's collector will blow his tin-horn in the ear of nature, and set the wild echoes flying.

THE CROP OF 1880-81.

The Financial Chronicle, containing a statement of the last crop, is before us. It puts the crop at 6,589,320 bales, of which amount 4,506,270 bales were exported, 1,891,804 spun at home, and 212,233 bales remained on hand at the end of the cotton year. The Georgia ports received 889,942 bales, and the South Carolina ports 670,605 bales. The overland movement of the past year was smaller than the year before, although the crop was 14½ per cent greater. Savannah exported during the past year 507,755 bales, and sent to consti- ports 384,472 bales. The takings of southern mills were 205,000 bales against 179,000 bales in 1879-80. The takings of northern mills were 1,686,804 bales against 1,624,805 bales in the previous year.

The growth of Atlanta is more rapid now than at any time since the close of the war. During the past five months over six hundred houses have been erected, and it is expected that the number erected during 1881 will reach fifteen hundred, which will involve the investment of at least \$1,500,000 in the buildings alone. It is doubtful whether any city in the country of equal population can make such an exhibit of growth.

THE EXPOSITION AND ATLANTA.

The executive committee of the cotton exposition announces that it must put up three new large buildings beyond the immense buildings now projected or completed, to meet the overwhelming demand for exhibitors' space.

To put up these buildings \$10,000 additional subscription is needed. At this late stage of affairs, this money must come from the people of Atlanta. There are many of our most prominent men—many who will be most directly benefited by the exposition—who have not subscribed one dollar to the capital stock. If the names of these non-subscribers were published it would astonish the people. They cannot be blamed, however, for the canvassing of the entire city of Atlanta was done in a day, and many were never called on. We have no doubt that when the committee asks for the small additional amount it will get it without trouble.

The exposition is now demonstrated an overwhelming success. In every department of organization, exhibit and promised attendance, it will be more than was ever expected. The executive committee, with a fidelity and painstaking that we have never seen equalled by a similar committee, has supervised the expenditure of every dollar, and has done surprisingly much with the small fund at their disposal. They do not desire to go into debt, and hence ask for the money needed to pay for the additional buildings that will be needed. They should get the money in an hour. They must have it, and those who have not subscribed heretofore should subscribe now.

AN UNSEASONABLE ARTICLE.

With the skies of the east glowing with a gaudy saffron color, and the flames of summer waving their dreadful banners over the parched regions of the northwest, nothing would seem more untimely than a discussion calculated to stir up reflections concerning the season which poets and young ladies have agreed among themselves to call Indian summer. We have weighed these objections in the editorial scales, and find them lacking in consistency. In this era of physical phenomena, it is well to take time by the forelock. Indian summer is an elusive season, at best, and if it be true, as we claim, that judicious advertising pays, a mild allusion to the coy maid is certainly not out of place. Those of us who take even a passing interest in the sub-solar changes that ordinarily mark the passage of summer into the fruitful arms of autumn have occasion to remember that Indian summer had no opportunity last year to spread the misty draperies of her mantle about us. One

day Atlanta was fanning herself on the front porch, and the next it found itself engaged in a wild hunt for coal. A rainstorm, variously charged with sleet and snow, drifted down from the north, and spent the winter with us. It was the spring-time of the coal-dealer. There was no Indian summer and precious little sun. Under these circumstances, it is timely to write of a pleasant season whenever an opportunity occurs. Let us take advantage of it now. To-morrow the sweet potato vines may be nipped; the day after winter may be upon us. Let us hope, however, that the usual interregnum (so to speak) will occur.

We were complaining of heat yesterday, and it may be in order to complain again to-day; the sky has had a muddy and overcast appearance for several days; and the weather has an unwholesome flavor even to those who have had no tracas with dyspepsia. But in this respect, the season does not differ materially from that of last year and the year before. To be sure, this has been intensified by the prevailing drought, but it is to be borne in mind that a dry September is, in some important respects, a sanitary provision and protection not always vouchsafed to those who live in crowded cities.

Hot and uncomfortable as it is, we have hopes that winter will not burst upon us this year without giving those generously faint signs and indications which combine all the perfections of an almost perfect climate. We want our northern visitors, who come to the exposition in October, to behold the glories of our Indian summer. In a few days, the cool breezes of evening, coming in from the west, will begin to compensate for the heated noons; the sunshine will lose its white glare, and morning, taking its cue from night, will glister with dew, and hold to our senses the delicious crispness of spring without its chill. The morning-glories, white, pink, blue, pale violet and crimson, will bloom with new strength, and belated bees and butterflies may feast upon their sweets till ten o'clock. Troublesome insects will disappear, but the crickets will still hold their concents in the grass.

In the night the birds will stir and chirp at times, Orion will rise in the east, unexpected winds will shake their wings and set the poplars a-shivering, and the far faint zooning of the bees in the hives will mysteriously mingle with the palpable silence that seems to thrill through all things. The days will grow cooler and the nights longer until summer seems to faint and fade upon the hills and in the woods; and it is her ghost we want our northern visitors to see—a vision perfect in outline and detail, but still a vision. It is a picture too vast and entrancing for human hands to paint—a picture of perfect skies, mellow sunshine, marvelous perspectives. It is a season of sweet suggestions and most tender impulses. The rain-crow, falsely and maliciously called cuckoo, will hide himself in the tinted foliage of the white oak and sigh mournfully over some long-forgotten sorrow; the jocie will waltz and caper merrily among the fiery sun-mach leaves in the swamp; and the mocking-bird will sing over again in a whisper the songs of spring. Thus summer will linger, until, touching the wine of autumn to her ripe red lips, the mirage dissolves. The hills will then take their accustomed places; the leaves will flutter to the ground and flee before the little gusts of autumn that come humming in; the mocking-bird will make haste to hunt for the last worm of the season; and the coal-dealer's collector will blow his tin-horn in the ear of nature, and set the wild echoes flying.

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MR. WALTER, of the *effete* London Times, has kindly informed a New York reporter how to run a newspaper.

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THE warmth of the drouth is one of its most distressing features. In the meantime, Venor is in Washington enjoying the society of Potomac-bred mosquitoes.

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LIKES ARTHUR

THAT HE WOULD MAKE A GOOD PRESIDENT.

Thomas C. Platt Puts Himself on Record for the Vice-President, While Senator Don Cameron Allows Himself to be Drawn into an Interview of Considerable Length.

NEW YORK, September 10.—Interviews with Senator Don Cameron and Mr. Thomas C. Platt are published to-day. Mr. Cameron was asked:

"How about Pennsylvania this fall?"

"Ay, it will go republican in the fall. It's not a very important election, to be sure, but there is no in my mind as to its result."

"All the 'reform' movement in Philadelphia is very effect."

"Not this year."

"The whole situation, state and national, looks well to me."

"It does. We shall carry our state and so the country at large is concerned, it was never in better condition."

"What do you think of the Arthur cabinet speculations made in the public press?"

"Most unseemly, most indecent."

"Has there been no concerted programme on the part of General Arthur and others, yourself included?"

"Nonsense. That story about a conference was a bold, naked, infamous lie. I haven't been near General Arthur's house."

"Do you think Arthur would make a good president if called to the office?"

"None better. He is a strong, sturdy, clear-headed, honest man of affairs: we respect him very highly in Pennsylvania and a majority of our delegation supported him in Chicago."

"Then you think he could be trusted in the cabinet?"

"Of course—who else? If he is to be president we will have a cabinet, and, judging by what I would do in his place, he will select his own advisers."

"What names have you thought of?"

"I can only say that if I were making a cabinet Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, and Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, would be members of it. I think, too, Mr. Windom would be a strong man and give general satisfaction."

"Do you believe that any amount of work can secure a republican victory in New York this fall?"

Mr. Platt was asked.

"I do, decidedly," he responded.

"On what ground?"

"The state of New York, like all other states, is filled with sympathetic people. If the president happily recovers, popular sympathy with him will make a republican triumph certain."

"Suppose the president should die?"

"Then victory would, in my judgment, be equal to certain. General Arthur is a New York man."

"What would be General Arthur's course in reference to a cabinet if it became his privilege to select one?"

"I don't care to discuss that."

"Have the names of Frelinghuysen and Howe been discussed at all?"

"I do not know. I can only say that if those gentlemen were in any cabinet they would be heartily applauded by all good men."

"Would General Grant be willing to serve?"

"General Grant would be as he has always been, at the service of his country, his party and his friends. He would do anything to help either and all."

"If the state department were offered to Mr. Cooling would he take it?"

"I could not answer that."

"It has been published that you, Mr. Cameron, Senator Logan, General Grant, Marshal Don and other gentlemen met in General Arthur's house and held a long consultation on this very matter."

"I am glad you recalled that to me. Deny it without reserve. No such meeting, no such conference, no such discussion was ever held."

FROM THE NORTH POLE.

A Report from the Region of Everlasting Ice.

WASHINGTON, September 11.—The navy department to-day received a report from Lieutenant Berry, commanding the arctic search steamer Rodgers.

PETROPAULOVSKI, Kamtschatka, July 24.—"I have the honor to inform the department of the arrival of this vessel at this port at 7 p.m. on July 9th of this month. The vessel is just thirty-three days out from San Francisco, California, having passed the Cape Horn and New Zealand. I found in port the Russian freighter Strelch, which had arrived a few days previously from Vladivostock. Her commanding officer, Captain A. Delyavkin, informed me that just before leaving he received a telegram from his government directing him to offer any service within his power which he has done by offering me the use of his men and assistance to obtain information of the natives of those ports. He proposed to me for far more as Captain Serski, and will be back in mail from there for the United States. I have succeeded in capturing twenty-five reindeer and have taken a number of fur-trading dogs and a native from her driver. I had obtained the desired fish for dog-food, as salmon are not yet dried, but to get the remainder further north, I shall sail for St Michael's this morning.

PRAYING AT ELBERON.

The President Asks Why the Bells Were Ringing—An Affecting Scene.

Special dispatch to the Constitution.

LEXINGTON, Ky., September 10.—At a sale of live stock, belonging to H. P. McGrath, yesterday, about 1,000 persons attended. Southdown sheep sold at an average of about twelve dollars per head. Forty-four thoroughbred horses averaged \$3,400, at the following leading prices:

Tom Bowing was bought by Chas. J. Ford, of New York, for \$8,000; Aristides, by A. L. Hawkins, of Chicago, for \$3,400; Susie Ann, by J. D. Ford, for \$3,000; Susie Ann, by Chas. Reed, for \$1,600; Eliza Adams, William Cotterell, Mobile, \$1,050; Hendoplin, Chas. Reed, \$200. The sum of \$55,000 was offered privately for farms of 416 acres and refused by the executors.

TERrible ACCIDENT.

A Lady and Gentleman Fataly Injured on Whitehall.

About 8 o'clock last night a frightful accident occurred on Whitehall street, near Formwalt, by which Mr. Wm Gaskins, member of the legislature from Coffee county, and Miss Serena Harper, of this city, were both badly, probably fatally, injured.

Mr. Gaskins, the popular boy of the present session of the legislature, has been boarding with Mr. Harper, at 48 Formwalt. He is related to the necessary to leave home for a short visit to a friend, to Dr. Peter and Paul's church, corner Marietta and Alexander streets.—Rt Rev W. H. Gross, D D will preach this morning at 10 o'clock.

First Methodist church, Peachtree street—Preaching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Evans, D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

First Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Second Baptist church, A. T. Spalding, pastor.

First United Methodist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Third Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Fourth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Fifth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Sixth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Seventh Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Eighth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Ninth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Tenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Eleventh Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twelfth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Thirteenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Fourteenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Fifteenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

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Sixteenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Seventeenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Eighteenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Nineteenth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-first Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-second Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-third Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

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Twenty-fourth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

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Twenty-fifth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-sixth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-seventh Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-eighth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Twenty-ninth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Thirtieth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Thirty-first Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Thirty-second Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Thirty-third Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Thirty-fourth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

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Thirty-ninth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Fortieth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Forty-first Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Forty-second Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Forty-third Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin, morning and evening.

Praching 11 a.m. \$10 a sermon. Rev C. Cook will preach morning and night.

Forty-fourth Baptist church—Services by the pastor, Rev D. W. Gwin,

FRENCH IN FRANCE,

AS TAUGHT BY THE REV. WILLIAM P. HARRISON.

A Gossipy Letter from the French Capital--An Apartment in the Language--Going the Rounds--The Memoirs of St. Sulpice--The Gobelin Tapestries--On to Italy.

Special Correspondence Constitution.

TURIN, Italy, August 12, 1881.

"Never go to France unless you know the language. For if you do, you will regret it, by jingo."

So thought Thomas Hood, after some personal acquaintance of the land where the people "called their mothers' meres, and call their daughters' fillies." I quote the English humorist from memory, but the spirit of his punning pen is a more mirthful one than most unlearned visitors to France can afford to indulge. The proof of this I reserve for another part of this letter.

Leaving London by the 8:40 night train from London bridge, I was obliged to use my Mackintosh waterproof—for the first time in five days—it was raining. Since I had been in London, with the exception of a day or two, the weather was fine, but about five o'clock on Monday afternoon a regular British rain set in, and followed us to, and half way over, the English channel. There are two prominent routes to France. One by Dover and Calais, and the other by Newhaven and Dieppe. It was informed that the latter was the more picturesque, and in order to get the benefit of daylight passage through Normandy, I left London at night. In a little more than two hours, we arrived at Newhaven, and from the cars to the boat, a scramble ensued in order to get a berth in "the best cabin." I was one of the fortunate ones, and secured as good a place as there was to be obtained—the very best not being by any means a desirable one. Owing to the state of the tide our steamer could not leave Newhaven until near one o'clock in the morning. The rain fell in torrents, and drove the second-class passengers into the first cabin, as it was impossible to remain on the unsheltered deck. The wind was rising, with, and old travelers informed me that we were going to have a rough time on the English channel. Our course lay across 61 miles of water, which could outdo any fits of fury that the Atlantic could perform.

The second-class passengers were not precisely the company that a refined gentleman would select, but there was no hope for it. However successful John Bull may be in keeping the mob of his railway carriages, he certainly does not exclude them from his steamboats. A more noisy, motley crew I have seldom seen than this one on the Newhaven steamer. There was a table spread in the center of the cabin, and there were many hungry people who seemed resolved to brave old Neptune on his throne. They ate beef and ham, they drank beer and stronger spirits, and before the hour of departure came, the company had pretty well "cleaned out" the steward's department. Experience had taught me that it is better to be hungry than sea-sick, so I ate nothing at all.

About 1 o'clock the boat got under full head of steam, and before she had fully left the dock the cabin boy brought out a supply of bowls somewhat resembling an ordinary wash-bowl, and one of these he placed at every berth, top and bottom. This was a prophecy of coming events, and the events certainly came. In less than ten minutes the boat began to swing from side to side in a manner that put even the old Batavia far in the rear. Now and then we would be on our heads almost, and in an instant, though lying down, I felt myself bracing up by my feet—in another instant a lurch, right or left, nearly thumped me out of my berth. I clung to my bunk, however, and listened to the music around me. If any of my readers has ever seen fifty people sea-sick in one room, separated in no way from one another—if he has heard the retching, and the despairing cries of such persons in the worst stage of the meanest sickness that afflicts human nature—if he has witnessed all this after the sick company have returned to the bowls the villainous compounds of beer and liquors consumed—if he has seen and felt all this in a room with hatches down, the rain pouring overhead, and the air stifling and reeking with every imaginable odor, then he knows how to sympathize with me. How I escaped from sickness by inoculation, I cannot tell, but so it was. I did not suffer a moment, but found it impossible to sleep, for the noises around me. One or two passengers got to sleep, after paying their initiations to Neptune, and when they slept they snored—the most outrageous snoring that I ever heard. A desperate fellow, between the paroxysms of retching, hoping to get to sleep, I suppose, would shout "skatt," loud enough to arouse one of the famous seven sleepers. But the snorers kept it up until the morning, and I am sure that it was difficult to choose between the two annoyances, but to suffer for six long hours made the night of the eighth of August a memorable one to me. When morning came, and the sun arose, I staggered on deck, but the seas were washing everything before them, so I could get a nook in the gangway with a chance for fresh air. To return into the cabin was out of the question.

I am greatly surprised at the lack of accommodation on this "famous" route. If Charles Dickens ever met anything comparable to it on a Mississippi steamboat, he was justified in writing his "American Notes." The simple truth excels all fiction I have ever read. Herded like cattle—cramped up in a seething mass of disgusting humanity in its most disgusting condition—the very recollection brings a shiver over me as I write about it. At last liberty came, as our boat rounded to, and made the wharf at the old town of Dieppe, on the soil of France. My baggage had been registered through to Paris, and would pass the custom house there, so I had a chance to breathe the fresh air, and get an excellent breakfast and a good cup of coffee, at a moderate charge. I had the good fortune to find on the boat an old confederate officer, a surgeon, who has lived eleven years in Paris. He is a native of Virginia—one of the many who lost everything by the "lost cause," and has cast his lot among the French, from whom he is a descendant. To him I owe the favor of many a note of information, as we traveled through Normandy, and by his means, the officer of the customs allowed my baggage to pass unopened in Paris. I having nothing "to declare." By the merest chance I happened to possess an item of information which may be of essential service to him, and may cause his return to his native land. Thus, it may be, that all the

kindness was not upon one side. I sincerely trust it may be so, for I have seldom spent as pleasant hours as those which we consumed in the railway journey from Dieppe to Paris. To meet a countryman in a foreign land is a great comfort. To meet such an one, and find him intelligent, sociable, accommodating and ready to serve you by any means in his power, is to be a blessing which called for thanks to a benevolent Providence.

I have always heard, and have often read, that France was cultivated like a garden. But I had no conception of the reality until I saw it. Surely the art of inducing the earth to yield her fruits can go no further. Every foot of soil is economized—the very forests are planted by the hand of man, and the trees stand in regular lines and columns, which look like several troops on parade. Whatever is valuable is cultivated—the useless and noxious plants are rooted up and destroyed. The houses of the people on the line are built to stay. Albeit, many are roofed with thatch, yet the most clinging to thatch helps to prevent the drying up of the streams. The assets of the Empire. Josephine, I have been well nigh destroyed, and many other materials of the great Frenchman would follow it, if there were not so strong a feeling of national pride involved.

The garden of the Tuilleries is a beautiful park, facing the world renowned palace which the vandals destroyed in 1871. The blackened walls of the building remain as the spoilers left them, a testimony of senseless wrath against inanimate objects. After surveying the old palace ruins, we visited the institute of France, a building of the seventeenth century. This quaint and curious structure is the home of five French academies. The society which proposes to have the French language as a language and is principally engaged upon a dictionary—the academy of belles-lettres—or of science—of fine arts—and of moral and political science. Our view of the building was only from the exterior.

The royal mint not being open on Wednesdays, we could not gain admittance. For some reason, there are particular days when many of these institutions may be seen, and at other times they are closed. A stranger has to spend much time in Paris, if he would get even a running view of all its celebrated and noteworthy places. From the mint we crossed the Pont Neuf, over the Seine. There is a saying in Paris, that no one can cross the Seine without meeting a priest, a white horse, and a soldier. The priest and the soldier I saw, but the white horse did not see. A stele of Henry IV., on a pedestal of white marble, stood on the left as we crossed from the mint. Down in the river are floating structures for baths and swimming schools. On one of these I noticed a large Palmetto tree, an object that remained me of South Carolina—and her coat of arms.

The palace of Justice stands in the center of the old city. It is surrounded by the oldest buildings in Paris. Much of the work of the middle ages has been destroyed, but the most interesting is Sainte Chapelle, erected in 1245—the guide said in the 12th century—"by Saint Louis," the French king. He built this magnificent chapel as a repository for certain relics, among them a piece of the true cross of Golgotha. These relics have been removed to Notre Dame. The guide was relating this story of the relics our young Englishmen were very demonstrative in expressing their disbelief. I felt ashamed of them, and do not wonder that they sometimes get as good as they said in the way of wit and repartee. It is not necessary to wound the feelings of anybody, and whilst I believe as little as they in the true cross, and holy garments, etc., I did not feel disposed to express my thoughts in the presence of those who are devout. There is a narrow chapel around this little chapel, and visitors are always requested to walk upon it, but one or two of the young Englishmen would struggle and stamp their boot-heels on the beautiful marble pavement. The guardian of the place was very gentle, however, and when I bought a stereoscopic picture of the interior as a sort of souvenirs for our company, he gave me a broad and most cordial smile. The his bronzed form was capable of making the guide who fought us that he was not an American, say: "Stranger, are you not an American?" It was certainly a relief to hear the broad English of our countrymen. In a few moments we were friends, and he began to tell me of his troubles. He was, he said, nearly starved to death. He had been in Paris for a week, but could not eat the meals served at his table d'hôte, and did not know how to call for anything he wanted. He managed to guess at some names on various bills of fare, and pointed them out to the waiters, but when the dishes came he vowed that a civilized animal could not eat them. He was nearly dead for a cup of coffee, but could not drink it "straight," and when they brought bread to him to mix with his coffee, he became desperate. He had walked around Paris, had seen "English spoken here," and tried them, but they did not speak any English known in the United States, not even in England. I felt a kind sympathy for my friend, for I had observed already that the rapid speech of the Parisian can only be understood by an ear accustomed to it, and so on. However, he made a descent upon a coffee house, and when we were seated, I ordered the waiter to bring us a "tasse du café et lait." "That's it!" exclaimed my friend, "lay means milk, don't it?" "Of course, I replied, and whilst the waiter was gone he exercised himself in pronouncing the phrase. He was delighted to find coffee, milk and sugar, in a few moments on our table. "Now," said he, "let's have some bread—what is it?" "M. le waiter, if you like, "Garcon! du pain et du burr!"

I was greatly interested in the churches, but the painful reminiscences were not wanting among them. The church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was built in the fifteenth century. As we entered it a mass for the dead was in progress, and I could not repress a cold shiver as I remembered that it was from the belfry of this church that the signal was given for the commencement of the butchery of the Huguenots on the Place des Vosges. The iron tongue lashed to the high air—"kill, kill, kill!" A hundred thousand of the best sons and daughters of France perished on that terrible night. These poor creatures, decrepit women, and sad mourners who sit and kneel by turns as the decorated priests go through the empty pageant before me, had nothing to do with this revolting crime, it is true. Yet I could not breathe freely in the precincts of a place that had been the scene of such a revolting crime. How strange are the revolutions of time! On the spot from which bloody Bartholomew's massacre was proclaimed, to-day a company of Protestants stand, and walk curiously around the intoning and chanting priests! A significant placard is on the walls in English, and it reads: "All servants must hereafter, for I've got 'em now, come to a dot! Let me see: Garsong-pang-e burr-safe!" Doo caffay o lay! Splendifer! I'll get 'em yet!" And he rubbed his hands in the greatest delight. That's my first lesson, stranger—and oh, my! isn't that coffee! Altogether different from the black stuff they give me at the hotel!"

And it was good coffee! Alas! I did not find any in England! Whatever the cause may be—some say it is kept ground for months, and even then mixed with chickory—at all events it was not good! But it is real coffee, and well worth the franc we paid for it. So here was I, not at all confident of my own French, giving lessons to a countryman! It took me one week to learn English in Paris, and could I hope to do as well in France. The next question was, to the question of learning a language, a spoken language. One must be among the people; must hear them until his ear becomes accustomed to the sounds, for looks cannot teach pronunciation. My difficulties multiplied. I found as many dialects of French in Paris as there are of English in London, and that is saying a great deal. I could understand readily enough when the speaker addressed me in slow, distinct tones, but when words ran into each other—and the euphony of the French conversation requires more of this than I had supposed—I was puzzled. Then, again, you must learn to think in French, not in English to be translated into French. It have been confirmed in the belief that William Cobbett's French grammar is the best guide to the language that has been published. It is now out.

But, a true to the language, Paris is certainly a beautiful city. The celebrated places that were well known to me from written descriptions, were easily recognized. In order to see as much as possible in a limited time, I joined an excursion party, with a guide furnished us by Thomas Cook & Son. These guides are useful fellows, but only in a limited sphere. When you can find one that speaks good English, and has a competent knowledge of the places visited, the traveler is fortunate indeed. On the present occasion our guide failed in both points. It became necessary to make some corrections in his instance. Our company was composed of Englishmen, with four ladies, also English. One of the party had just come from South Africa, near the diamond mines. The Englishmen and women were all young persons, and not well posted in history, and when our guide made a mistake of two or three hundred years in a date, or called Louis the seventh when he meant Louis the ninth, I felt constrained to correct him. He took it as good humor, however, and laughed at his own mistakes.

The column Vendôme, a pillar 142 feet high, of granite on the inner side, but of bronze made from 1,200 cannon captured at Austerlitz, was our first object of interest. I was told that it was made out of 2,700 cannon, and built in 1805. I saw a young Englishman writing down these "facts," and suggested to him that the guide was in error. Young Bull, however, put down his facts, but what he will do with them I cannot tell. I had no guide-book along at the time, so I thought he might get along as he pleased. The guns were captured by Napoleon from the Russians and the Austrians, and the bas-reliefs on the sides of the monument repre-

sent scenes in the campaign of 1805. The column was thrown down by the commune ten years ago, but has been restored. It is a dingly looking shaft, but it was a piece of barbarism, the attempt to destroy it. The present government is jealous of Bonaparte, and afraid of his name, as is evident in many of their acts. Malmaison, inseparably connected with the name, and the fortunes of

Empress Josephine, has been well nigh destroyed, and many other materials of the great Frenchman would follow it, if there were not so strong a feeling of national pride involved.

The garden of the Tuilleries is a beautiful park, facing the world renowned palace which the vandals destroyed in 1871. The blackened walls of the building remain as the spoilers left them, a testimony of senseless wrath against inanimate objects. After surveying the old palace ruins, we visited the institute of France, a building of the seventeenth century. This quaint and curious structure is the home of five French academies. The society which proposes to have the French language as a language and is principally engaged upon a dictionary—the academy of belles-lettres—or of science—of fine arts—and of moral and political science. Our view of the building was only from the exterior.

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LOCAL TIN-TYPES

FROM OUR REPORTERS' POCKET CAMERAS.

Yesterday in the City—What was Done and Said by Home-Folks and Strangers.—The Gossip of the Town as Taken on the Fly—In and About the Courts and Departments.

HERE TO PURCHASE SUPPLIES.—E. P. Shine, the purchasing agent for Hall & McGehee, the Chicago railroad contractors who are working the Bonanza road, is in Atlanta purchasing supplies for one thousand men and six hundred miles of his work.

TO-MORROW NIGHT.—The board of police commissioners will meet to-morrow night in regular session. In addition to the regular business the board will elect thirty policemen for the exposition grounds, to serve as long as the city council deems their services needed.

HEAD OF LUCK.—Since the Bonanza has fallen into the clutches of Smith & Salmon they have so increased their business that they have been compelled to add to their force. Jerry McDermott of Atlanta, entered their employ yesterday night, and the Bonanza will soon be the most popular place in town.

DE GWIN.—The Rev. Dr. Gwin, D. D., returned from Vicksburg yesterday. He will preach a memorial sermon this morning at the First Baptist church, with respect to the late Mr. J. W. Churchill, whose sudden decease took place about two weeks ago. Divine services will be held at night also.

BITTER BY A DOG.—Mattice Franklin, a small white child, who resides with her mother on Fern street, was bitten by a dog yesterday. The dog was a terrier, the child's and was with her. Yesterday while Mattie was toasting him, the dog suddenly snapped at her face, biting the left cheek. The dog was killed.

MARRIED BY TANNER.—Yesterday morning Frank Freeman and Annie Carter, two colored citizens, were married in the First Baptist church. The wedding was performed with formality, but, failing the result of a trial, the two, after a consultation, agreed to marry, and in a short time Judge Tanner had made them one.

AFTER A MURDER.—Mr. Maury, a North Carolina sheriff, passed through Atlanta yesterday en route to Arizona territory where he goes to claim Tom Harris, who is wanted in North Carolina for murder and who recently escaped into Arizona. Mr. Maury thinks he will return through Atlanta in time to give Harris a sight of the exposition.

STEALING SNUFF.—Yesterday Bright Swain, a negro boy, was caught stealing a jar of snuff from a car at the Macon depot, but before he could be captured made his flight. As soon as he was discovered he fled, taking with him a steamer trunk which he had in the day captured Bright. He is now in the tailhouse, where he will remain until to-morrow, when he will be taken before Judge Tanner for trial.

LOST HIS POCKET-BOOK.—Mr. Thomas Johnson, a young farmer from Henry county, came to Atlanta yesterday to purchase his fall and winter supplies. He left about 5 P.M. in his pocket-book which contained his money and securities. When he got off the train at the depot yesterday he took his pocket-book out of his pocket to get the check for his trunk and then put the book back into his pocket. The next day Mr. Johnson, son of the pocket-book, he missed it about two o'clock, when he needed some change to pay a hack driver.

THROWN FROM HIS Buggy.—Mr. King, father of W. A. King, one of Atlanta's sanitary inspectors, was yesterday thrown from his buggy near the rolling mill and badly hurt. Mr. King was driving along Marietta street, when his horse became frightened at an approaching train, and began racing toward the bridge. Mr. King, however, Mr. King's efforts to control him, continued until the buggy was thrown over. In the fall Mr. King was thrown under the buggy, and a gunner in the accident was wounded by several persons who ran to the aid of the gentleman's aid, and carried him into a house near by. He was subsequently removed to his home on Chapel street, where he is now resting easy.

KILLED.—A son of Mr. D. P. Kendrick, a worthy citizen of Atlanta, has the misfortune of a few weeks ago to kill a man in Mississippi. He was tried for the offense soon after the killing, and before his family knew anything of the particulars, Mr. P. Kendrick, his father, had been working steadily for two years to get his son pardoned; he had made two trips to Mississippi, and carried the strongest kind of letters from his acquaintances to friends in the South. Yesterday a telegram was received from him dated at Jackson, August 29th, as follows:

"The help of God and my friends, my son is a free man. Those who know the earnestness of the old man can appreciate how deeply he felt when he sent the dispatch. He will probably be home to-day.

NOTABLE NEWS.—Yesterday a number of Atlanta people received an elegantly engraved invitation inscribed thus: "M' E. Thornton—E. C. Rutherford, Married, at Bridgewater, North Carolina, September 8th. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Thornton at home after October 1st." The announcement was not unexpected, for it had been frequently rumored that Colonel Thornton intended to marry early this fall. He has been for the past eight months in Washington, and for four months has held a desirable position in the pension office. In Washington he met Mrs. Rutherford, a lady connected with one of the best families in the Carolinas, and, finding her to be of an amiable fortune. As the colors say that Washington is the most agreeable place he has ever seen, it is probable that he will make it his permanent home.

He is now in North Carolina with his wife, and it is expected that they will make their permanent home at Atlanta before the colonel returns to his official duties in Washington. They will receive many congratulations here.

WHAT A STOLEN RIDE COST.—At Hall station, on the Western and Atlantic railroad, just sixty miles from Atlanta, a negro boy named Harry Snowdon, whose home is in that city, was in on Friday last. The conductor after learning that Snowdon had been stealing his way from Nashville made him sit but just before the train started again he crawled under the right car and secured himself on the truck where he remained until the train stopped at Forsyth street crossing in this city yesterday morning about four o'clock. Snowdon then crept from the truck and started to crawl from under the car, but was discovered before he got through he escaped with his life he left a part of two fingers on the track. In crawling out he happened to place his hand on the neck of his brother, and he moved his hand from his brother's neck under the train, the wheels caught and crushed the two fingers so badly that amputation was found necessary. Dr. Martin amputated the index finger and the one next to it.

NORMAL CLASS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.—At nine o'clock yesterday morning, being the first Saturday after the first Monday in the month, the normal class for the Atlanta public school teachers, now in high favor, were called to order by superintendent W. F. Slator.

The meeting lasted two hours and was very interesting as a party of merit was given by several distinguished men, and concluded in a manner to benefit all those who heard them.

Remarks of a general character, concerning the conduct of the school, were made by the superintendent during the first hour. After the meeting, Prof. Slator, talk thirty minutes were devoted to general literature. Miss Haygood read a paper in the advocacy of a high order of reading for the school, which was received by general remarks on the same by Mr. Moore, the chairman of the committee on literature.

At ten o'clock the committee on teaching of science in the public schools was called. Mr. Mitchell, president of the Atlanta Normal, discussed the popular science question in a manner which pleased all present.

This was followed by the department of arithmetic, in which Prof. W. M. Bizen, principal of the Walker street school, who showed the relations of arithmetic to algebra. Mr. W. M. Slator followed by Bizen and took up the subject of arithmetic to the moment to adjourn.

Our school teachers are wide awake and enthusiastic workers.

Y. M. C. A.—Six new members during August.

Nineteen meetings were held last month with a total attendance of 672.

Forty-nine requests for prayer were made in these meetings—thirteen of them were from prisoners in the city.

Three hundred attended reading rooms. The leading papers and magazines are on file there. The dailies are The ATLANTA CONST. UPON, New Georgia, Atlanta Journal, Atlanta Constitution, Journal, Cincinnati Enquirer, Chicago Tribune, Augusta News, Columbus Enquirer-Sun.

The finance committee met Monday night. We understand that they will be paid \$1,250 for the year's work.

Mr. W. M. Lanier is now the assistant secretary of the association.

The association is making arrangements for fall work during the exposition. Lectures, socials and receptions will be held besides meetings at favorable points in the city and on the grounds.

Meetings will be held every three days for a year, no initiation fee, and a member has free entrance to all lectures, etc., given by the association. Sustaining membership is ten dollars a year.

The young men are a strong force in the association, and the night so many young men are off. A committee goes all over the main part of the town with invitations just before the meeting.

The association is making arrangements for a great deal of work during the exposition months. They have been invited to hold meetings Sunday at the exposition hotel, or some place near, and have accepted. A service will also be held Sunday afternoon, no initiation fee, and the hall is still open every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock for the gospel meeting. The young men's

bible class on Friday night is growing and is very interesting.

SENATORIAL SHORT-STOPS.—The senate seems to have made up its mind to make war on the dam of the Augusta canal company across the Savannah river.

—But few bills were passed yesterday.

—Only a few visitors were in the gallery yesterday.

—The bill to establish high schools in the senatorial districts went through yesterday. Its fate in the house cannot be predicted.

—The police force was paid off yesterday.

—The police court was a slim affair yesterday.

—All the merchants are receiving heavy stocks.

—Juan Templeton is the way old John now auto-graphs.

—The police force was paid off yesterday.

—Scores of pretty school girls went through town yesterday en route to Staunton.

—The bill to grant a dispensation of the sacrament of confirmation at the church of the Immaculate Conception at seven and a half o'clock this evening.

—As a reporter of THE CONSTITUTION was passing up Whitehall street beyond Mitchell, his attention was drawn to the line of men who had stopped at the sidewalk, ready for the opening by Brother Tom's clerks. With an eagle's eye hunting for an item to report his readers, he quietly took a stand and began to report his observations. If there is anything pleasant to the eyeight it is to look at the market at the beginning of a season. Fancy gives place in the contemplation of the new novelties that are seen. In this particular instance we were more than delighted in looking at many beautiful articles that the captain is displaying. In a moment of time we were more than delighted in looking at the remarkable bargains that are to be had. To add to the many new goods that are arriving every day, we found that Captain Brown had put out a remarkable series of small articles at such prices as will amaze them. He makes no specialty in this time of any particular article, but certainly does make a specialty in giving bargains in everything that is to be found in a well regulated dry goods establishment. Give him a visit at the corner of Whitehall and Mitchell streets.

Personals.

—Miss Hattie Clarke, of this city, is visiting friends in Belmont.

—Mrs. W. A. Dent of Newman, is visiting relatives in this city.

—Miss Lee of Covington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John W. Nease.

—Mrs. Bozman, wife of Mr. of this city, has returned from a visit to Newman.

—Miss Emily Morris, of this city, has returned from a visit to Deat.

—Mrs. P. Smith and Mrs. Thompson, of Atlanta, are visiting friends in this city.

—Mrs. James Bridge and daughter are now in Chicago, and will be absent about six weeks.

—Senator Joseph E. Brown returned to Atlanta from his vacation in the mountains.

—Mrs. N. J. Bayard and Miss Jessie Bayard, of Rome, have returned home from a visit to Atlanta.

—Mrs. R. Evans and daughter, Miss Fannie, of Thiverville, are visiting friends in Atlanta.

—Miss Alice Dawson, of Atlanta, has returned home after a long visit to Athens, with a host of friends.

—President Frank, of the Columbus, Mississippi, who is a well known name, grained at the in-coming hotel in Atlanta.

—Mr. J. M. High, one of our live dry goods merchants who has just returned from eastern markets where he purchased an immense stock.

—W. W. Mickelson, of Simpson & Drumm and has just returned from East Tennessee, where he has been making arrangements for supplies of produce for the exposition audience.

—Lieutenant George W. Johnson, of Athens, who is known to many in our city, has been ordered to join his regiment (the Fifth Infantry) in the west. The recent massacre of a company of troops by the Apaches is the cause of sending out more soldiers.

We wish the Lieutenant a safe time through all trials out west.

—Mr. Ollie C. Fuller and his bride, after a tour through Europe, have returned to Atlanta and will return by Louisville for a home about the 5th inst., when will bring them home about the 5th of October. They have had a splendid trip, as we learn from their friends here, who are anxious looking for their return.

The Expedition.

—ANOTHER BIG FEATURE OF IT.—From arrangements which we are being made, one of the most important exhibits will be left intact to the exposition will be the display of Atlanta's most valuable and magnificent stock of diamonds, jewelry and silverware, by Messrs. J. P. Stevens & Co. of this city.

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—Mr. P. Stevens left last evening for New York to make purchases for this occasion, and he will bring out the most magnificent line of these goods ever shown in the south.

Hasty Dumpty.

THE MAJESTIC CONSOLIDATED AGGREGATION.—One thing is more interesting than the fixed fact, that Atlanta's eight months in Washington, and for four months has held a desirable position in the pension office. In Washington he met Mrs. Rutherford, a lady connected with one of the best families in the Carolinas, and, finding her to be of an amiable fortune.

—At the colors say that Washington is the most agreeable place he has ever seen.

It is probable that he will make it his permanent home.

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Having made arrangements to occupy the store-house of Moore, Marsh & Co., on the 17th of September, we will offer till that date our large stock of China, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, etc., at prices never before approximated in this market, in order to avoid the expense and damage of moving.

MCBRIDE & CO.

Jan 16 dly above we re top col

COTTON AND WEATHER.

COTTON, middling uplands closed in Liverpool yesterday, at 75 1/2d; in New York, 11 1/2d; in Atlanta, 11 1/2d.

The Weather.

The Signal Service Bureau report indicates for Georgia to-day, fair weather, south to west winds, stationary barometer and temperature.

Daily Weather Report.

OFFICE, SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A., KIMBALL HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 10, 10:31 A. M. [All observations taken at the same moment of actual time.]

NAME OF STATION.	BAROMETER.	Thermometer.	Wind.	Rainfall.	Weather.
Atlanta	30.07 79	67 S. E.	Light	.00	Fair.
Augusta	30.07 81	63 S.	Light	.00	Cloudy.
Corsicana	30.12 83	63 N.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
Galveston	30.08 84	54 S.	Fresh	.00	Fair.
Indianola	30.04 82	76 S. E.	Fresh	.00	Fair.
Key West	30.07 83	76 S. E.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
Mobile	30.07 83	76 S. W.	Light	.00	Cloudy.
Montgomery	30.07 79	66 S. W.	Light	.00	Cloudy.
Port Eads	33.09 79	74 S. E.	Light	.00	Cloudy.
Pensacola	30.08 78	72 S.	Light	.00	Fair.
Savannah	29.99 81	72 S. E.	Fresh	.00	Fair.

NOTE.—FORCE OF WIND: Light, 1 to 2 miles per hour, inclusive; Gentle, 2 to 5, Inclusive; Fresh, 5 to 10, Inclusive; Brisk, 10 to 25, Inclusive; High, 25 to 30, Inclusive.

Local Weather Report.

ATLANTA, GA., SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

TIME.	BAROMETER.	Thermometer.	WIND.	RAINFALL.	WEATHER.
6:31 a. m.	30.09 71	66 S. W.	Gent.	.00	Light Haze.
10:31 " "	30.12 85	60 S.	Fresh	.00	Light Haze.
2:31 p. m.	30.05 89	64 S.	E. Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
9:30 "	30.04 86	60 S. W.	Gent.	.00	Light Haze.
10:31 "	30.09 79	67 S. E.	Gent.	.00	Fair.
MEAN DAILY 10:31	30.04 74	64 S. W.	Gent.	.00	Light Haze.
MEAN DAILY 10:31	80.0	Minimum ther.			70.0
MEAN DAILY HUMID	64.3	Total rainfall.			0.00

H. HALL.
Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Rogers & Sons, and John Russell's Cutlery and Plated Ware; Haviland & Co.'s China, from France; Cut-Glass from Germany, Belgium and France; Earthenware, English and Domestic, in endless varieties and decorations, imported by myself direct from the manufacturers. I challenge competition in prices, style and quality.

HENRY SELTZER.

Nov 24—dly 1st pre loc

J. P. STEVENS & CO., HEADQUARTERS FOR

WATCHES.

31 WHITEHALL STREET.

mart—dly

A. F. PICKERT,
NEW WATCHES.

THE

SILVER PALACE,
No. 5 Whitehall Street,
CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

A. F. PICKERT,
dec 5—dly 4th y 1st col

New Ball and Decorated

Hoop Ear Rings,

AT

J. P. STEVENS & CO.'S

34 WHITEHALL STREET.

mart—dly



For superior quality of SPECTACLES and FIVE GLASSES in Gold, Silver and Steel you will find me at No. 5 Whitehall street. Be not induced to pay high prices for inferior goods. I guarantee a perfect fit of every pair, and a 100% money back. Best in town. White and Tinted. Guarantee every pair to give satisfaction for four years. Give me a trial before purchasing elsewhere.

A. F. PICKERT,
Wholesale and Retail Jeweler.

dec 24—dly 4th p

SILVERWARE

AT

J. P. STEVENS & CO.'S

34 WHITEHALL STREET.

mart—dly

The Best "Picnic" Bins.

THOMSON'S celebrated sugar cured "PIG BINS" are sold by our best retail dealers and in demand. R. J. Griffin, wholesale agent.

mcgill—dawson sun.

ALWAYS GO

TO—

HEADQUARTERS

TO—

BUY WHAT YOU WANT.

Bradfield's Drug Store, No. 26 Whitehall street, is

HEADQUARTERS FOR PURE DRUGS and MEDICINES,

and all the popular Patent Remedies. Also fine

Toilet goods. The best colognes, Lubric and Lotion,

McGill's extracts, Florida waters, assorted Sochet

Perfumes, Lily White, Toilet and Tooth Powders,

An elegant assortment of the best Toilet Soaps,

Tooth, Hair and Nail Brushes, and Combs, and all

the goods usually kept in First-Class Drug Stores.

All are cordially invited to call and examine our

goods and prices. Strangers visiting the city are

especially invited.

sep 24—dly

—Mr. H. Wolfe has returned from the northern and western markets, and in a few days will have some time to say a few words about the CONSTITUTION about his large size and low prices.

Something new... Just received the new Manda

sin Clay Tea 50 cents worth \$1 at the Great

Southern Tea Company.

We have just received several

large invoices of Jewelry, at Dan

iel's, 72 Whitehall.

435 sep 24—dly

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, SEPTEMBER 11, 1881.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

We have opened, past week, and will continue to open this week, the most elegant stock of dress goods ever seen in this state. Call and examine them.

NEW CARPETS.

Elegant designs Wilton's, Body and Tapestry Brussels and Ingrain Carpets, all grades.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

Now receiving most complete stock gents, ladies and children's boots and shoes ever shown by us.

CHAMBERLIN, BOYNTON & CO.

Means's High School.

SUMMER CLOTHING BELOW COST

TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL STOCK, AT

HIRSCH BROS.,

POPULAR CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,

42 AND 44 WHITEHALL STREET, ATLANTA.

22 sep 12—dly un cham boy & co

IMMENSE STOCK

OF FINE AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING

FOR MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS,

RECEIVING DAILY AT

ATLANTA CASH CLOTHING STORE,

41 WHITEHALL STREET.

JAMES A. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

JOHN H. JONES, Superintendent.

545 may 15—dly sun tues thur 4thp

THE GEORGIA SUIT COMPANY,

Manufacturers of Ladies, Misses, Children and Infants Clothing and Underwear of every description

NEW DEPARTURE.

In introducing this new departure, kindly asking your patronage for the same, we would call your special and careful consideration to the following facts:

We only make

FEMALE CLOTHING

We have come out on hand a Large and Fashionable Stock to fit the smallest baby or the largest lady.

We only use new material and employ the BEST AND MOST SKILLFUL

CUTTERS & SEAMSTRESSES

THAT CAN BE OBTAINED.

We have only ONE PLACE to go to, will be no trouble for you to get to us, for you can readily see the same we give, time and trouble.

With the above facts, we would kindly ask you to stop in at 39 WHITEHALL STREET.

424 sep 10—dly

THE GEORGIA SUIT COMPANY.

E. CAHN, Manager.

STYLES, MATERIALS, AND TRIMMINGS

And if desired will furnish material and trimmings at the very lowest price.

424 sep 10—dly

THE GEORGIA SUIT COMPANY.

Furniture.

ANDREW J. MILLER,

NEW AND ELEGANT FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

44 PEACHTREE STREET, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

HAS A MOST BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF FURNITURE, SUITED TO THE TASTE OF THE REFINED AND THE PURSE OF THE HUMBLE.

A new stock, just from the best factories, in the latest designs. You can be suited.

NO OLD GOODS TO WORK OFF.

These goods will be sold next door to cost for cash, and upon reasonable terms to resident and responsible persons.

THE HEAVIEST BUSINESS HOUSE IN FURNITURE AND CARPETS

in the State, being a branch of A. J. Miller & Co., 148, 150 and 152 Broughton street, Savannah, Georgia.

FURTHER: WILL SELL CHEAPER THAN "THE CHEAPEST."

421 sep 11—dly 8thp

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